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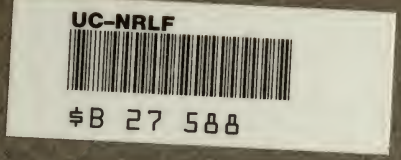

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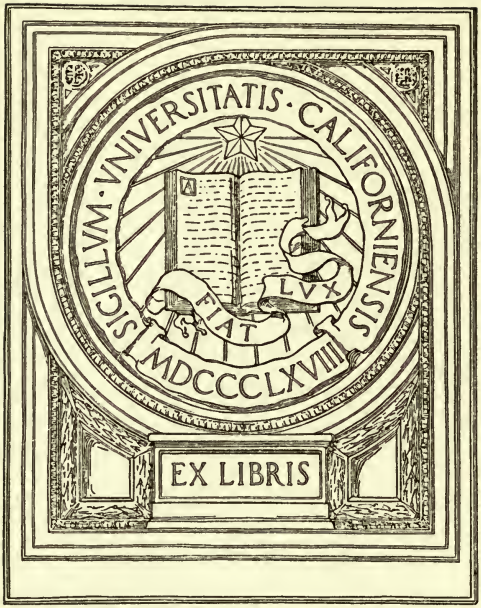
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The Torch

Eugénie H. Schroeder

THE TORCH

AND OTHER POEMS

THE TORCH

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

EUGÉNIE H. SCHROEDER

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

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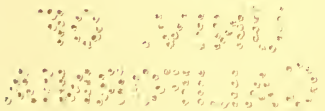

PRESS OF
G. H. McCALLUM COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

THOUGHTS HOVER NEAR IN QUIET HOURS,
LIKE BUTTERFLIES WINGING O'ER FRAGRANT FLOWERS;
IN RHYTHMIC MEASURE, FLOWING FREE,
I'VE GATHERED SOME, IN LOVE, FOR THEE.

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DEDICATION

In loving friendship to Mrs. A. W. Scott, our Florence Nightingale, who kept the torch alight in love and service, in our hearts and homes, I tender this little volume of verses for the benefit of our "Boys" who fought so valiantly in the cause of humanity, justice and peace.

EUGÉNIE H. SCHROEDER.

MRS. A. W. SCOTT

UNIV. OF
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THE ECHO.
(To Our "Boys.")

Disabled! Disabled! is heard on every side,
Echo answers, "Able," and rings from tide to tide;
O'er hill and dale the glad refrain is heard from belfry tower,
The harmony to heaven flows from morn to midnight hour.

Disabled—able—and how the soul is stilled,
All heads are bowed in silent prayer, with love each soul is filled.
Accept with grace thy lot, and build thy life anew;
Retain, improve, exalt, the beautiful, the true.

A diadem is resting on each brow that fought for peace,
Recognition by the Master that man-made wars should cease;
In each warrior's soul a torch, of consciousness newborn,
The glory of great freedom comes to light the early morn.

Echo answers truly—and in centuries to come
Our brave and valiant warriors will have their praises sung;
For they have enabled all the world to reach the goal—
Freedom, peace, and benediction brought to every living soul.

The mighty hosts of heaven, who watched the battle's din,
Knew the flowing of the blood meant the washing out of sin;
No other way to stem the tide of hate and lust for power;
The earth was clothed with darkness all through the trying hour.

But the promise had been given by the King of all the earth—
Foretold by three Wise Men as they met at Jesus' birth—
That a new age would awaken, a greater life abound,
Brotherhood and love be rampant, and liberty be found.

"He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it," the Master said;
Or proffer a cup of water, or lift a weary head.
A sparrow never falleth but the Father marks the fall,
And is ready with a blessing at the wounded soldier's call.

A cross was laid upon you, but we'll help you on the way
Till the greatest Warrior calls you to His eternal day.
His answer ever ready: "O my beloved son,
You have fought the fiercest battle—that of self—and you have won."

OLD GLORY'S CALL.

Awake! Arise! Old Glory calls!
  Her banner waves on high,
Where freedom rings from shore to shore,
  And mighty hosts reply.
Where tumult of the battle-cry
  And blasts of war resound,
There will the starry banner fly
  And liberty be found.
Then peace and brotherhood will reach
  Across the shining sea,
And patriots' dreams be realized
  Throughout eternity.

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THE TORCH.

The torch is the symbol of light divine
To illumine the soul in its quest sublime.
Elysian fields the spirit is seeking,
The flame lights the way to the tryst it is keeping.

Spirit struggles and wings its flight to be free,
To reach the land of Ultimate Destiny;
The spark of life is forever burning,
The spirit of flame to its source returning.

Yet to be solved is the riddle of life.
Tossed like a feather from pleasure to strife,
Vanished illusion, 'twixt waking and dreaming,
Through darkest night the torch ever is gleaming.

Oftimes the travelers grow weary and fall,
Yet angels await the wanderer's call.
From realms of peace is obliviously flowing
Torrents of power to keep the torch glowing.

From earth's veilèd trance the soul at last wakes,
Stands free, untrammeled, as life's morning breaks.
God's love, the torch, deep mysteries of being,
The spirit at last meets Spirit All-seeing.

WHY WEEP?

Why weep, when I am with you still?
I've only left this house of clay
To journey on to other worlds
And seek a land that is all day.

I leave one covering of the soul,
And now I stand in bright array,
With clearer view of life divine,
Clothed in God's eternal day.

I'll wait and watch and pray for all,
And in the sanctuary of your soul
I will send peace and love and light
To point the way to higher goal.

And when you linger on the brink,
Remember I am waiting there
To guide you o'er the river swift,
And lead you to a land more fair.

I'll tarry till the cosmic wave
Returns to waken great desire
To work amongst my fellow-men
And with the fires of life inspire.

So dry your tears, and from your soul
Send thoughts of joy and peace and love.
Each vibrant wave of thought a form
Will reach me in these realms above.

Though gilded cage the bird may have,
Still he a prisoner in it lives,
'Till someone opens wide the door
And once again his freedom gives.

So save thy tears for earthly woes,
Yet put a flower on memory's bier,
For I am here amongst you all,
And peaceful smile on all most dear.

I'll often linger in your midst
And urge you on to greater deeds,
For I have only gone ahead
To gather the diviner seeds.

There is one thing the world needs know,
There is one balm for human woe,
There is one way to heaven above;
That way is sympathy and love.

LILAC TIME.

Oh, for a breath of the lilac
  In the early dewy morn!
Oh, for the zephyrs of springtime
  And the caroling birds in song!
All nature from sleep is awaking,
  Kissed by the roseate dawn,
When the lilac buds burst into blossom
  And the winter's snows are gone.

ODE TO MUSIC.

Oh, melodies that stir the soul,
From unseen realms where dreams are found,
Rising like silent birds in flight,
Lost to the eye in darkest night.

The spirit bursts its earthly bonds,
O'erwhelms the heart in mystic thrill;
Each atom joins chord that swings
Above the woof of finite things.

The soughing pines of forest deep
Chant tales of love in hidden sleep;
The whispering winds, with voices free,
Re-echo over hill and lea.

The gleaming rivers rhythmic breath,
The babbling brook with laughter wild,
Voices of nature free and strong,
All join the chorus of the song.

From misty vales, where shadows lie,
That lead to tangled haunted hills,
Sweet melodies of fantasy
Ascend from rustling grass and tree.

The soul is filled with life divine,
The muse a vision at the shrine,
Sound mingled in a magic lure
To realms beyond "unseen, unsure."

A messenger of God is she
Who brings to life sweet melody.
Earth voices join with heavenly strains,
Life's harmony in the soul remains.

WANTED: A PLAYMATE.
(A Baby Seal's Lament.)

I'm a friend of the little Duck-baby
  Who lives near the Jewel Tower;
We played with the ducks in the garden
  All through the midnight hour.

But one night, all of a sudden
  The lights went out overhead,
And when I came to my playmate
  The little Duck-baby was dead.

His little bronze heart was broken
  And the ducks had flown away.
I went back to my home in the ocean
  And forever alone I stay.

I live on a neighboring island
  And sleep on the ocean's breast,
Where the great white ships are sailing
  To the harbor of safety and rest.

Since the Duck-baby fell in the bushes
  And the beautiful Tower is dark,
I'm lonely for want of a playmate,
  And it's cold and dark in the park.

A little white sea-gull told me
  That up on a high, high hill
A light from a window was shining
  When all was dark and still.

And at the window, watching,
  Was a lady wondrous fair,
With eyes so blue and tender,
  And sunshine in her hair.

I thought, maybe, she would let me
Be her playmate forever more,
Keep me close to her warm, loving heart
Through the fog and the ocean's roar.

I will promise to love her dearly
With my watery, cold little heart;
My furry coat will warm her,
And nevermore need we part.

Will you take me home, fair lady,
And clasp me close to your breast?
I cannot sing, but I'll bark for you
When the city has gone to rest.

The light of my love will burn ever,
And when stars are twinkling on high
We'll talk to the little Duck-baby
Who lives in the blue, blue sky.

Maybe he'll tell us the secret
Of the life beyond the veil,
Where the children are never lonesome
And friendships never fail.

I've come such a long way to find you,
From the cliffs in the ocean's spray;
If you'll love me forever and ever
I'll drive all dull care away.

And we can go on together—
For I know there's a hand that guides
All children who love each other
Through the winds and storms and tides.

SPRINGTIME'S MESSAGE
(Easter Convocation)

Fleecy snow-blossoms gently falling
On Mother Earth's fair breast;
List! the mating birds' low calling,
Rocked in sheltered nest.

Bleating lambs in flower-strewn meadow,
Lowing cows at dawn;
Every brook and sparkling river
Sings on Easter morn.

Wingèd insects all a-straying,
Pollen on foot and wing;
Bees are buzzing, crickets chirping,
At the approach of Spring.

Joyous breezes waft the blossoms,
Rosy and white and gray;
Tender buds of pussy-willows
In Spring-triumph sway.

Springtime, dawn of resurrection,
When all Nature wakes;
Lilies bend in benediction,
Easter morning breaks.

God is love and peace supernal,
Dwelling with us alway.
Life and spirit are eternal,
Christ is risen today!

May the message of the Springtime
Thrill with Easter cheer;
Nature tells the joyous story,
Our Risen Lord is here.

A POCKET FAIRY.
(A Tiny Doll to a Little Girl.)

I'm a little pocket fairy,
  My name is "Happy-Day";
I've come to be your playmate,
  By your side forever stay.
I will sleep beneath your pillow,
  Nestle in your sunny curls,
Hide within your little pocket
  When you play with boys and girls.

When out walking with your Mama
  I will creep in little glove,
And when Papa takes you driving
  I will fill your heart with love.
Just be careful, please don't lose me,
  For I'm very small, I know;
Still, my heart is full of sunshine,
  For the bluebirds tell me so.

Fairies, weave a necklace golden
  For my sweetheart, every day;
String the twinkling stars upon it,
  So to lighten life's pathway;
Place a dewdrop for a pendant,
  Like a pearl from out the sea.
Always wear the Fairies' necklace
  And your life will happy be.

HEART'S DESIRE.

Dear Maiden, queen of this festal day,
Wreathed and decked in bridal attire;
The old, old story again is told,
Hope, youth, love, and heart's desire.

Childhood gathers the flowers on moss-paved way;
Maidenhood roams in tranced amaze;
The Prince comes by, and his touch awakes
In her heart the love that ever stays.

Where San Carlos' rolling foothills rise
Is a garden where blossoms scent the breeze;
A lark sends up his carol gay;
Golden poppies paint the sunny leas.

In this garden a stately red rose grew,
A tiny bud, kissed by the pearly dew;
Gentle zephyrs rocked it to and fro
As the silver moon-rays shimmered through.

The golden radiance of the morn
Veiled in glory the rose's breast;
The noon-day breeze through the scented trees
Impressed a kiss in fond caress.

She swayed and lifted her petals rare
And opened her heart to the burning light;
"So much love passes by," she said,
And blushed in her soul's new delight.

The stars look down on a cloudless night,
On Cupid's haunted, shadowed bowers,
And laugh at love lurking everywhere
'Neath the petals of the sleeping flowers.

A rustle is heard in the waving palms;
The heart of the rose is stirred to unrest
As a bold West Wind comes rushing along
In a crucial and secret quest.

Like an avalanche dashing from snowy height
The West Wind in wild unrest
Ruthlessly grasps the stately flower,
Crushing it to his beating breast.

For the bold West Wind loves this beautiful rose,
As his lips to its fragrant petals press.
In summer and winter when winds are high
You will hear the murmur of soft caress.

So the sweet old story again is told,
And Cupid is lurking ever near.
Love is always the warrior bold
Who grasps the prize, without a fear.

Life and love under every guise
Will always respond to a heart on fire;
And life's true light will lead the way
For the conqu'ror Love and his "Heart's Desire."

THE GARDEN OF THOUGHT

The Universe is a wondrous thing,
All color, all light, all sound;
A paradise above and below,
Filled with toys for God's playground.

The stars are jewels set on high;
The sun a living fire;
The planets moving 'round in space,
By the power of God's desire.

Atoms tossed on the human wave,
By the ebb and flow, evolve,
'Till a mind awakes like unto His
Trying Life's riddle to solve.

God smiles as His children struggle on,
For they think they are things apart.
How He watches them grow as the ages pass,
Like a mother with loving heart.

At last in this garden of Thought Divine
God culls every flower and weed
With infinite care in the store-house of Life
Is stored every little seed.

The Spirit hovers with brooding wings,
As ages on ages roll by,
'Till an answering thrill awakens at last,
In response to the urge most high.

Realization to all the world
Has come with dawning sight;
The struggling atoms have burst their bonds
In the rays of the Great White Light.

Spirit released, returns to its Source,
Filled wtih love and glory sublime.
Involution and evolution go on
Through aeons and aeons of time.

For Spirit had no beginning,
And never will cease to be.
God's thoughts are but made manifest
In life, on earth and sea.

Today we KNOW we are one with God,
Fulfilling His heart's desire.
From Life's crucible we come forth
Pure gold from the Living Fire.

VERSES TO CALIFORNIA'S POET LAUREATE.

The Poet's soul, like mirrored lake
  On which is writ in symbols clear
  The messages from higher sphere,
Where vibrant thoughts in ripples break
As o'er the waters visions pass,
Reflections cast on polished glass.

This subtle muse with mystic lure
  We try to grasp in longing arms,
  To feast our soul on wondrous charms;
Elusive spirit hovering near,
Like butterflies o'er scented flowers,
Or nesting birds in leafy bowers.

There is a stirring of the soul,
  And in the stillness spirit wakes,
  And at the birth sweet harmony breaks.
The pictured scenes of hill and dale,
The purling brook, the surging sea,
All join in nameless melody.

Diaphanous clouds like phantoms rise,
  Tinged by the rosy mists of morn
  When each new golden day is born.
The hourglass' sands are sifting fast;
The sunset fades in crimson glow
And moonlight falls on dazzling snow.

The soul, o'ercharged with subtle power,
  Breaks earth's fetters in wild glee,
  Voices its rapture to be free;
Words rush forth from streams divine,
The Poet's song, in rhythmic tongue,
As nature's harmonies are sung.

And joining in angelic choir,
  All wanderers through the drift of days
  Are filled with love and hymns of praise.
The inner sense is stilled in peace
As Poets voice, by magic wrought
Enraptured dreams and wingèd thought.

SHIPS THAT PASS.
(Ship Ahoy)

Sing hoi, ho-ye-ho, for the open sea!
Sing hoi, for the freshening breeze!
Let those who will at anchor stay
While I sail on the storm-tossed seas.

On the outward swing of the rising tide
From the sheltered harbor near,
My boat I'll launch and sail away,
With never a care or fear.

Sing hoi, for the dangers of the deep,
Where the wild storm-horses race!
By right divine I'll seek my own,
And destiny I'll face.

The Ship of Fate no hand can stay:
The Isle of Dreams, the goal;
The Captain in solitude must guide
The sea-tides of the soul.

Never a ship puts out to sea
With its cargo of gladness and pain,
When storms are passed, its mission fulfilled,
But at last the port will gain.

O hoi-ye-ho is wafted again
O'er waves dashing high and low;
The winds return with the ship's refrain,
O hoi-ye-ho! Hoi-ye-ho!

• • • • • • • •

WHAT HOI! SHIP AHOY! SHIP AHOY!

Through drifts of haze, on the horizon dim,
With sails all loosed to the breeze,
A stately ship comes sailing along
Like a wraith from the trough of the seas.

Leaping and dancing on crested wave,
Borne on old ocean's breast,
The radiant splendor of the morn
Sparkling on snowy crest.

She comes from the land of Paradise,
The Wishing Isle of the sea,
Her cargo freighted with all demands,
Life's gifts for you and for me.

The ship is nearing our Summer Land,
Passing through our Golden Gate;
The Captain smiles at the hustling crowd,
For the name of this ship is—Fate.

Patiently wait till she reaches port,
Her cargo well stored in the hold;
Every wish sent with strong desire
Will return to each, double-fold.

The ships sail outward and return,
Bowing o'er billowy swells;
Humanity filled with hopes and desires
Waves welcomes and farewells.

• • • • • • • •

The sea calls, and calls;
Tide rises, and falls.
The echo brings back the refrain,
O hoi-ye-ho! Ho-ye-ho! Ho-ye-ho!
Carrying love, again and again.

SEQUOIA GIGANTEA.

O mighty monarch of primeval forest,
Raising proud head to sapphire-vaulted sky!
In California alone, Sequoia Gigantea
Groves after groves live and reign and die.
Stately the Redwood, sentinel of the forest,
With boughs uplifted to the scurrying clouds,
Column on column, in Titanic splendor,
Casting long shadows in evening's mystic shrouds.
Guarding hill and vale, her soul is stilled in wonder,
Face to face with God through centuries of days;
Winds, snows, and storms, and golden-tinted sunsets
Pass, as she lifts her jeweled arms in praise.
Eyrie nests of eagles sway amongst her tree-tops;
Tangles of ferns are nestling at her feet;
Brooks laugh and dance, and murmur nature's love-songs;
Bear, deer, and game mate in secure retreat.
O Mother Nature! We in adoration
Praise thee, as all thy lavish gifts unfold.
California! the Glory of Creation,
Filled with her splendors of treasures manifold!

THE GOLDEN GATE.

In the early mists of morning, silence reigns supreme.
List! the waters softly murmuring, in a drift of dream.
Dawn comes breaking o'er the hilltops, nature is awake,
As the sun gleams on the waters of the Golden Gate.
Noon in all her golden glory paints the sea and land,
Jewels sparkle on the beaches of the wave-washed sand,
Ships are passing, heavy laden, thru the Golden Gate.
Hark! the call of bell and whistle as the hour grows late.
Golden orb is changed to crimson on the horizon dim,
And the fiery sparks are flickering on the ocean's rim;
Crested wave is dancing gaily in a wild delight,
Opalescent tints of twilight turn to darkest night.
Life is like the ocean—restless, changing every hour;
Ebb and flow go on forever, watched by Supreme Power;
Phantom ships with human cargoes, sailing tow'rd life's goal
To a land of golden glory—freedom of the soul.

ODE TO A POET-WEAVER.

Our poet-weaver, in leisure moments, weaves beautiful Kashmir shawls, in which she has evolved the path of life in colors.

Tilikar (originally Persian), a shawl woven together of many pieces, embroidered over. Fleece taken from the Pashim shawl goat. These shawls are made in Kashmir, elevated region of Tibet. An inspired San Francisco woman has reproduced the art, her shawls showing the re-birth of San Francisco.

PROLOGUE.

Crumbling walls of brick and stone,
Guarded treasures of the home,
Dust and ashes, forlorn, alone.

Desolation reigns supreme,
Wailing ghosts where'er we roam;
A fearful nightmare, a waking dream.

A city beautiful laid low,
Her proud head bowed in sorrow's gloom,
Her bosom bared to tortures slow.

What portent lies in ashes gray,
Ye gods of mighty mysteries,
But weirs of a forgotten day?

A TILIKAR

Will new life root within decay?
All things must change, yet never die,
Cleansed by the fires of yesterday.

The endless web of life is spun,
Empires rise, and kingdoms fall
As each new morning brings the sun.

Yesterdays are past and gone,
Life's shuttle weaves its Karmic spell;
Tomorrow is a soul new born.

• • • • • • • • •

A TILIKAR.

O Tilikar of softest hue,
Of textiles rare of Kashmir,
Woven with threads of pearly dew!

On heights of snowy-crowned Tibet
Is found the fleece of Pashim goat,
Where Persia's suns in glory set.

This fabric woven of the dawn,
With glint of opalescent sea,
Blending shades of dreams unborn.

On rosy drifts of early day,
Scurrying clouds on silver wings,
The spirit wends its joyous way.

A symphony harmonious,
Body, soul, and spirit join
In chords of life victorious.

From out the crucible's hot blast,
Life Phoenix rising from the void,
A wraith of glories of the past.

Red pulsing stream of life awakes,
With brilliant hues of every clime,
And dawning of a new age breaks.

In riot mad are colors blent,
Desire supreme in chaos reigns,
By force of harmony out-spent.

In drifting haze of skies so blue,
We sense afar a gleam divine,
With streams of sunlight woven through.

The gossamer thread has reached its goal,
Where flights of wingèd dreams reveal
Enraptured visions to the soul.

The paths of life are linked by fate,
In symbols all around us hid,
Till life and love and spirit mate.

ORGAN VOICES.

Out of the silence of the early dawn
I hear the rushing river's wordless song;
A rhythmic beat of Mother Nature born
Grows loud and louder as it floats along.

Waters flowing through the chasms deep
Where silver fishes silent vigils keep;
Through fields of flowers fragrant with the day,
The sun is kissing evening mists away.

Waterfalls in dancing, dashing spray,
A bridal veil of lace in gleaming day;
Priceless jewels bedeck her bosom fair
And pearls are strung amongst her misty hair.

Over rocks and underneath the trees
Ceaseless song is carried on the breeze.
Sweet and low is Nature's mystic strain,
And winds take up and echo the refrain.

Phantom voices in illusive call,
The Loreli awaits the mortal's fall.
Life's symphony of pleasure and of pain
Voiced by the organ, in melodious strain.

YOU AND I.

We have no need of an album old
With pictures of bygone days,
Tokens crammed in forgotten chests,
Treasures garnered from life's pathways.

Jewels rare from the storehouse of life long passed,
And friendship's fond caress,
To lighten with their radiant gleam
As we press them to our breast.

You and I and the world, dear friend,
As time moves on apace,
Eons and eons and eons of time
Are only moments in space.

Eidelweiss growing on snowy Alps
Does not guess of the blush of the rose,
Heliotrope and meadow rue
Down where the river flows.

Continents peopled with struggling souls
From farther ocean's shores,
We meet and touch and part awhile,
All governed by Nature's laws.

Greater consciousness pervading all,
A land of contemplation,
Where friend meets friend in harmony,
The land of realization.

This silent place of the soul divine,
Where the sheath or husk falls away;
The present submerged in passing time,
The vision is with us alway.

You and I and the world, dear one,
Friends we have always been;
The greater life pervading all
Makes the friends of life all kin.

Seeking at will in the silence within
The friend we long to meet;
With outstretched hands she welcomes us
To her home in the soul's retreat.

The greater Consciousness, knowing all,
Smiles as in contemplation.
Life is so ageless and so still,
Blending all in realization.

LEGEND OF SKAGGS SPRINGS.

Far away from the city's ceaseless din,
In fair Sonoma's hills,
Where all the world from near and far
Comes to visit its mountains and rills.

Once on a time, a garden it was
Where dwelt a maiden fair;
Into the mirrored waters she looked
While combing her dusky hair.

When the silvery moon came over the hills
She would wish for a lover divine;
The man in the moon smiled back at her
And whispered, "Do not repine.

"I will send you a lover with burning breath
Who will clasp you in warm embrace,
And carry you into the depths of earth
To his palace in subterrene place."

So the maiden waited beside the stream,
And hope and love filled her heart;
Waiting her mate in the silent night—
The lover she ne'er would part.

When all of a sudden a terrible noise—
Jove's thunderbolts struck the land.
The rocks were rent, and waters gushed forth
From the cauldron of burning sand.

A form appeared to this terrified maid
In the steam from the smouldering fires,
And he grasped her close in his warm embrace,
This spirit of earthly desires.

And into the steaming pool they sank,
To his palace in depths below;
And the maid of fair Sonoma's hills
Was consumed in the burning flow.

But her heart was so pure that the boiling lake
Was filled with her virtues rare;
The waters were charged with elements strange
From the soul of this maiden fair.

So on the nights when the wishing moon's rays
Lure lovers to mirrored brink,
You can see the breath of this spirit forlorn
Where mortals come to drink.

To those who quaff, this water so pure
Beauty and health freely brings;
They'll find youth renewed in Elixir of Life
At the steaming pool of Skaggs Springs.

THE BUILDER.

What do we trace in the struggle of life
  Existence from mollusc to man?
What cause for demolition and reconstruction
  Since eons of time began?

Who the Builder, the Archeus Divine,
  Of advancements of type and plan,
Highest ideals in structural forms,
  Till we now have the Super-man?

Ceaselessly building and moulding anew
  From garments worn in the past,
Re-clothing Itself in substance
  As long as life shall last.

Over and over a myriad times
  The tireless Architect makes
A shape that reaches the form of me;
  Then—I am; that I am, awakes.

Spirit from ethers pervading all
  Builds eternally life and light;
On the face of the waters makes manifest
  Morning and noon and night.

Permanent substance remains the same,
Afloat on the cosmic sea;
Only a change to form more devine,
The spiritual man to be.

Building each time on a better plan,
What can the object be?
Through long succession of varied forms,
What the aim of the spirit of me?

The Builder—God, the Creator,
Author, Finisher, since life began;
Spirit, omniprescent, omnipotent,
One Power—I am, that I am.

OUR FLAG.
(Song—First Verse and Chorus.)

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp! Tramp, tramp, tramp!
Hark to the bugle call!
See the Stars and Stripes a-floating in the breeze;
Never shall the banner fall!

Pershing is our leader; we'll hurry over there.
List to the battle song!
Join the mighty army on land and sea and air.
Hurry, boys! Hurry right along!

Mothers, sisters, sweethearts speed us on our way
As we go marching by.
Every star in heaven calls us to the fray.
Onward, comrades, onward! Do or die!

Tramp, tramp, tramp! We're coming right along,
Our flag will set you free;
Uncle Sam has called, Old Glory is unfurled—
On, boys! On to Victory!

THE GLEAM.

The rushing crowd goes madly by
On vital mission bent,
Each one a unit in the throng,
With soul by tumult rent.

Desire pulsing through the veins
For gold and place and fame;
A never-ceasing appetite
For pleasures but in name.

Old and young, emotions seek,
Regardless of the cost
To home, to city, or to state,
Nor count the final loss.

No youth, no home, no children more,
But all in mad desire
To rush the day as quick they may,
Consumed by human fire.

Snatched by the whirlwind rushing by,
Crushed in its rough embrace,
Bruised on the way by stones and thorns
Till scars mar soul and face.

Is there no way to stem the tide
With flotsam and jetsam afloat?
Is there no power in heaven or earth
To send out a line or life-boat?

Behold the yield of the poisonous weeds
Of scandal and hate and crime;
Man is the field and his thoughts are seeds,
And the harvest is reaped in time.

What has been sown will yield hundredfold;
The fruit is like the seed:
Peace and love and joy sublime
Never sprang from a noxious weed.

Each one has problems to be solved,
And each must solve his own.
The measure of his real worth lies
In his service to man alone.

The world's great war o'er land and sea,
The earth o'erflown with blood,
May cleanse the thoughts of a coming race
Emerging from mortal flood.

Awake! Arise! and onward march
With standards carried high;
The watchwords, Love, and Joy, and Peace,
Send vibrant to the sky.

And in each heart let voice respond,
  Illumined by living fire,
For spirit waits with longing great,
  Fulfilling God's desire.

A gleam is seen of an age to come—
  A race so brave and strong—
A glorious life of brotherhood
  Marching in rapturous throng.

Enlightenment will flood the earth,
  Intolerance be submerged
Beneath the human wave of love,
  And heaven and earth be merged.

A Golden Age, a glorious race,
  When man-made wars shall cease,
The people all redeeemd and freed
  By the reign of eternal peace.

COME, COME TO POPPY-LAND.

Where vaulted sky is clear and blue,
At night the twinkling stars shine through;
The waters green of tranquil bay,
Where shoals of fishes sport and play;
The silver sands reflect the light
Of golden sun or moonlit night;
The hills in opalescent haze
Lure travelers up the mountain ways;
The fields of poppies, fresh with dew,
And larkspurs sway in dress of blue;
The sun is shining all the day,
Kissing the morning mists away.
Come, come to Poppy-Land!

EUGÉNIE H. SCHROEDER

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